

HOW BIG MEN EAT TURKEY

Harrison Likes His Well Filled With Chestnuts.

TALNAGE'S POTATO FENCE

McKinley Wants an Ohio Bird Garnished With Sau-sages.

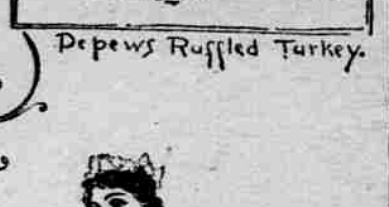
There are as many turkeys as there are great men. More actually speaking, there are as many different ways of cooking

the doctor, "because I have traveled so much. Therefore, pardon me when I say that I want my turkey stuffed with little



Depew's Ruffed Turkey.

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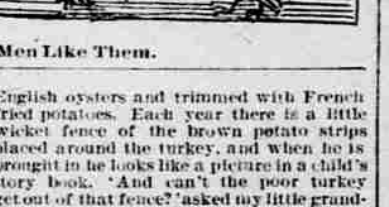
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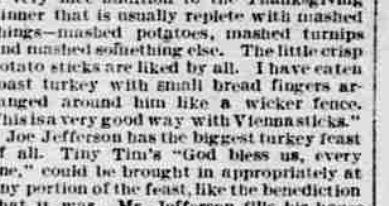
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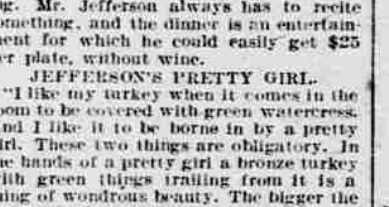
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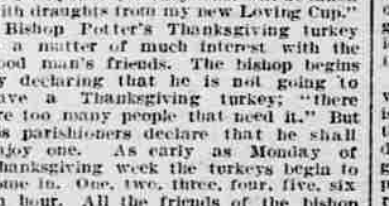
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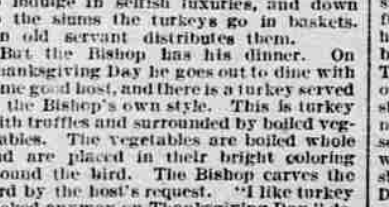
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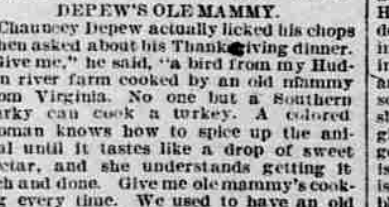
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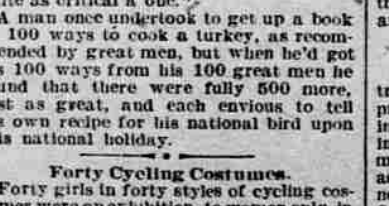
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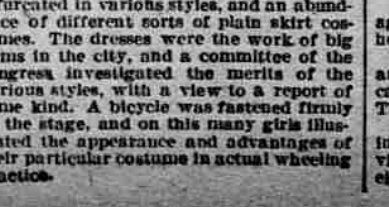
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GIVING THANKS ONCE MORE

Neal Dow at Ninety Strong Like Young Wine.

JULIA WARD HOWE'S PRIDE

It Centers All in Her Daughters. Ex-Secretary Evarts Plays With His Grandchildren.

No one can properly appreciate the spirit of Thanksgiving who has not lived upon earth for the full three score and ten of his allotted time. By virtue of strength he is granted one year more, and it is for this one year that he gives thanks—thanks such as no other can possibly give.

So many of the famous old people of the world have been removed during the past year that the remaining ones feel as if the people that are left are a most precious and unusual lot. Yet, while thankful for this one more year they look with bright eyes into what may be the Thanksgiving of next year.

NEAL DOW'S STRENGTH LIKE WINE.

The oldest of nearly all the Thanksgivingists is Neal Dow, that old prohibitionist, whom whiskey has "neither killed nor cured" during all these years. "I look forward with certainty to another Thanksgiving," said Neal Dow at his last birthday, "for, though I am ninety, my strength is like young wine from the vine—no, I mean, like fresh water from the spring, sparkling, lively, full of buoyancy."

"What am I especially thankful for?" he queried, looking with bright eyes into the face of his questioner. "I am thankful for a thing that has come to pass in this last year of my life, thankful for the fact that I have lived to see the anniversary of the prohibition of alcohol in New York this year. You will have all the rest of your life, and I should be thankful for this even though he has to live ninety years to see it."

Like Neal Dow, the other two grand old men of New England, Gladstone and Bismarck, have been living long, though their friendship has been clouded by many a battle that leaves its scars. During the last year Gladstone, at eighty-five, has written a new book and delivered several speeches, and Bismarck has kept his health and eaten what he pleased.

Gladstone did last summer that he would be glad, and more than glad, if he could live long enough to complete certain biographical work which he has on hand and to fulfill the contract for some writing that he wants to do in '97. Bismarck is less ambitious. He wants his people to leave him and to rest out a long quiet old age at Friedrichsruhe.

GLADSTONE'S DINNER.

Neither of these two old gentlemen lives in the land where Thanksgiving is celebrated, for neither feels the thrill



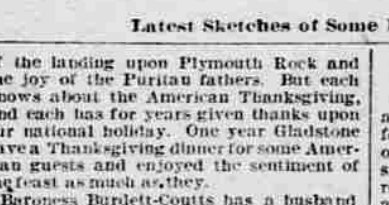
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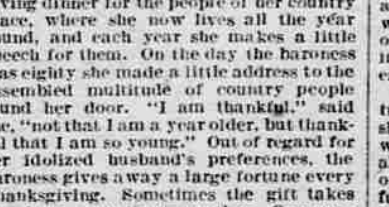
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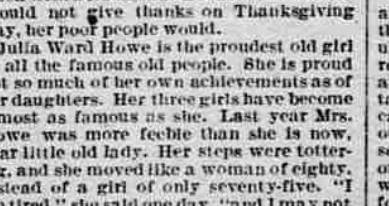
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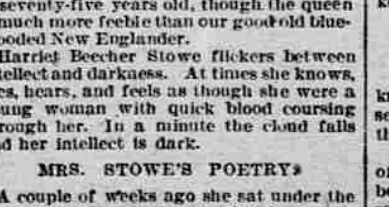
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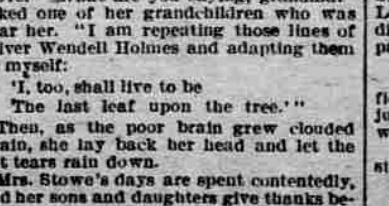
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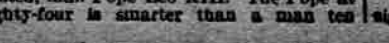
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THANKSGIVING COTILLIONS

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The Thanksgiving Day house party in the city, the party that gathers for a day, ends its twelve hours of festivity with a Thanksgiving dance, in whose joyous steps trip all the members of the family, from grandfather down to the baby, and from the prettiest girl to the noblest young man. That is the glory of the Thanksgiving dance.

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There are ten figures in the cotillion, the first one being "The House Party." It was planned by one of the best young leaders of the cotillion in New York, and will be danced for the first time Thanksgiving, as will all the other figures of this cotillion.

I.—THE HOUSE PARTY.

In the house party the music is the two-step. The ladies all seat themselves around the room, and the gentlemen stand in a line, each stopping before a lady. The lady rises and dances with him. All join hands in the center of the room and dance in a circle, which has been brought out by two men in livery. All bow low around the table, as though seating themselves. All dance for the first time.

II.—GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR.

For the second figure a big armchair is placed in the middle of the floor. It is covered with flowers and vines fall from its arms and back to the floor. The ladies sit on the chair, and the gentlemen stand in a line, each stopping before a lady. The lady rises and dances with him. All join hands in the center of the room and dance in a circle, which has been brought out by two men in livery. All bow low around the table, as though seating themselves. All dance for the first time.

III.—THE CHIRYANTHEMUM.

This being a flower figure, there are baskets for distributing the flowers. Three of the young ladies take the baskets and dance with polka steps down the side of the room, giving a red flower to every gentleman and a white flower to every lady. The couples next choose partners and polka together around the room, a flowered parasol being given to each as a souvenir of the figure.

IV.—FOUR FLOWER POTS.

A pretty figure danced by the ladies alone. All dance to a long table at one side of the room, where the gentlemen present small, pretty jardiniere of flowers to the ladies. They take the flower pots and dance down the room, holding them high above their heads. The gentlemen take them as the ladies return and place them in a row. Each as he receives a flower pot dances with the lady who presents it to him, and a selection of partners is made by the young ladies.

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VI.—BABY DANCE.

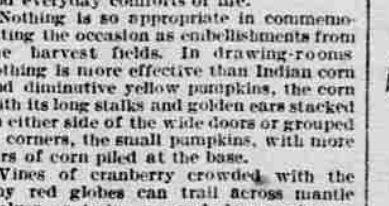
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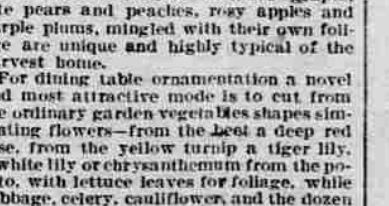
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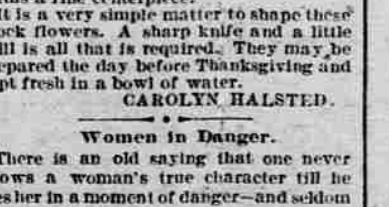
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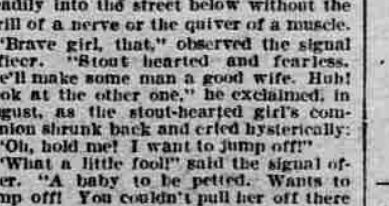
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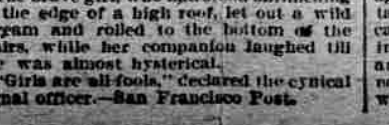
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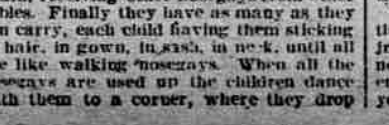
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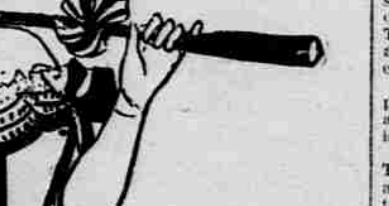
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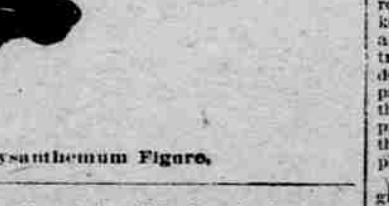
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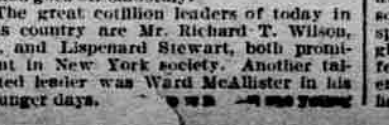
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TALK ABOUT TURKEY FARMS

Thirty Thousand Birds From One Kentucky Place

ARE SHIPPED EVERY AUTUMN

How the Great and Popular Bird Is Cultivated—Picking the Feathers.

Few of us who sit around the Thanksgiving board pause to think of the vast number of turkeys that are necessary to supply the demand on this national holiday.

The origin of the turkey is lost in the traditions of the red man, who hunted the wild bird long before the pale face had domesticated it or made the famous proposition, after a day's hunt, in which a buzzard and a wild turkey consumed the amount of game killed.

"Now, you take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard."

And thereupon the maxim arose: "He never said turkey to me once."

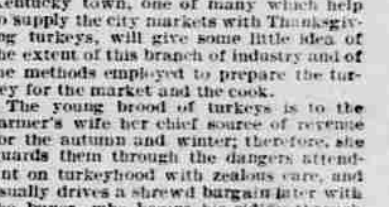
This favorite bird, which is an American production, when properly combined with the necessary auxiliary of oysters, roasted



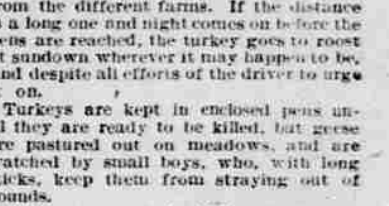
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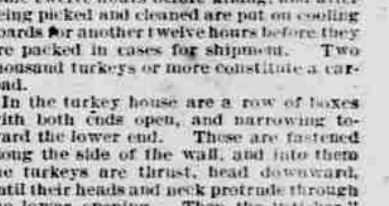
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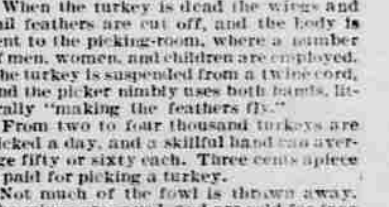
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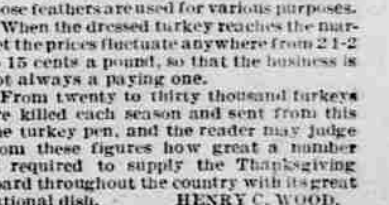
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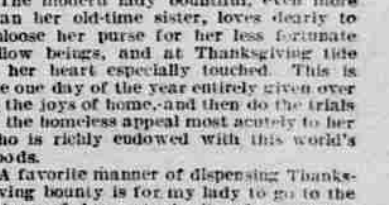
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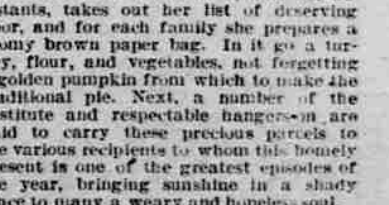
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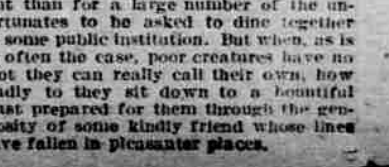
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